

# Bad Changes

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Summary: Horror. I added the Prolouge to the first part. Something very bad is happening to Harry, and he can't stop it. Please

R/R

## 1. Default Chapter Title

Bad Changes, Part One

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> <br> "You've been acting strangely Harry."

> <br> "What's the matter with you?"

> <br> "You don't look your usual self."

> <br> These were the only things people talked about with Harry these days. No more compliments on Quidditch, no more hero, no more anything except...

> <br> He saw Ron and Hermione talking nervously in a corner, occasionally stealing glances at him. Harry knew they were worried.

> <br> Among all the odd stares and confused looks, Harry saw his getaway: a foreign exchange student, Sylvia.

> <br> Sylvia was not like the other students Hogwarts had recieved this year. There was something mystical about her. She had black hair, like his, and ice blue eyes. Her skin was pale and soft, her lips strikingly red against her colorless skin. She was beautiful, no doubt, in her own unique way. Not like the blondes with tan skin on the beach, or the redheads with freckles. She had her own developed look.

> <br> At first Harry was scared of her. She was a year older, going into her sixth, and he was a fifth. She seemed to follow, or almost stalk him. For nearly a quarter of the year, he was terrified of her.

> <br> Then she caught him off guard. He was walking to Hagrid's hut to tell him that another owl had been killed. Eventually they got off subject and talked about other things. He stayed until about eight, then left to the castle alone, his first mistake.

> <br> It was particularly dark that night. He felt a presence, and started running. But Sylvia caught up to him.

> <br> For some odd reason, this time, he wasn't scared.

> <br> "Hello, Harry." she said, her words like torns.  
> <br> "Er, hello, uh,"  
> <br> "Sylvia."  
> <br> "Hello Sylvia."  
> <br> And that was how they became friends. Not friends, really.  
Just associates. But Harry stopped hanging around Ron and Hermione  
after awhile. He had to talk to Sylvia.  
> <br> She was fascinating. She knew so much - far more than  
Hermione, and she told him things that he would never have thought  
of. Myserious places, ideas on everything...it was unbelivable.  
> <br> But reality soon faded. Harry found himself thinking terrible  
things, like being haunted. He couldn't stop. More than once he was  
sure Sylvia was doing something to him, but she said words that made  
him forget his troubles.  
> <br> "Harry, it may be He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. You have a strange  
connection with him. He is doing this to you."  
> <br> Her words were simple, but like a child reading a fantasy  
book, Harry believed every one of them, as ridiculous as they  
sounded.  
> <br> And Harry was drifting farther and farther away from  
everything except Sylvia. His grades dropped, he skipped Quidditch  
practices, he found himself awake at night.  
> <br> By now people sensed change. It was as if they were afraid of  
Harry. Even Malfoy stopped him teasing.  
> <br> Harry was in a snow globe, and he couldn't get out.  
> <br> Now he was even seeing change in his apperance. His eyes  
seemed dull and lifeless, his skin chalky. His health was down too.  
He couldn't eat anything. But he drank water. He drank everything. He  
went to Madam Pomfrey for fear of dehydration, but she couldn't find  
anything wrong with him. He wasn't sure anyone could.  
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> It was Potions. Harry was mixing powder in his cauldron mindlessly.  
That's when it happened. Neville cut himself on the hand. The  
blood...it was...there. He staggered toward it, then fell back,  
passed out, and lais on the dungeon floor, alone.<br>  
> Awake, in the hospital wing, in the middle of the night, Harry was  
thirsty. He got up and his feet led him to a room in the wing full of  
medicines.<br>  
> And red liquid. Blood. Hungrily, he grabbed a jar of it. <em>Human  
Replacement Blood<em> it read. With greedy fingers, Harry opened the  
jar and drank all of the blood in three swallows.  
> <br> It wasn't salty, like he expected. It was sweet, like sugar.  
Delicious. The thing he had wanted for weeks, the only thing he  
craved.  
> <br> He looked at the jar. What was happening to him? What was he  
doing? Was he a...a...a vampire? Sylvia...she bit  
him...she...vampires...  
> <br> A nightmare. It was a nightmare. Harry had not just drank  
human blood, and Sylvia did not bite him. He was not a vampire. But  
how did he get here? \_Sleepwalking,\_ he thought. \_Of course,  
sleepwalking.\_  
> <br> He dropped the glass bottle on the floor. It was empty. It was  
filled with thick, red liquid a few seconds before. Had he really  
drank the blood?  
> <br> The shattering of the glass seemed silent to Harry. He didn't

care if anyone heard it, (which they didn't) but he cared what he saw when he went down on the floor to pick up the three broken pieces.

> <br> He saw nothing. Nothing. Bottles of multi-colored medicines, shelves, and jars of this and that. But he saw no Harry in the pieces of broken glass. No reflection. Nervously, he tilted the glass at different angles, trying to catch a glimpse of his face. He couldn't.

> <br> A drop of red slowly slithered down a piece of the glass. Harry held out his finger and caught it. He brought his finger to his lips and...

> <br> \_Harry? What are you doing?\_ \_This is human blood! \_he screamed in his mind. \_Get out of here!

> <br> \_ He ran. He ran right back to the hospital wing. And he tried to get to sleep.

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> After the darkness of the night had ended, and the brightness of Saturday morning came, Harry went back to the Gryffindor Tower. He was happy to see his reflection in the mirror of the bathroom, and even talked to someone other than Sylvia.<br>

> But she found him.<br>

> "Where were you?" she asked, half annoyed, half curious.<br>

> "I was in the hospital wing."<br>

> "You were in the hospital wing all night because you fainted?"<br>

> Harry shuffled his feet. "Madam Pomfrey insisted on keeping me because I looked sick."<br>

> At this Sylvia looked worried. "Did she find anything?"<br>

> "No. She said it was probably the weather." Harry wondered again if Sylvia had anything to do with the strange occurrence last night. "Do you think there's something wrong with me?"<br>

> She smiled. Almost evilly. "No Harry, I think that you're looking better every day."<br>

> And that got his spirits low again.<br>

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> <br> Late that night in the common room, Harry, Ron and Hermione sat in the feather armchairs by the everlasting fire of the Gryffindor common room. Harry had called an emergency meeting, something they all three had very rarely nowadays, with Sylvia in the picture.

> <br> "So," began Ron, cracking his knuckles. "What's with you, Harry?"

> <br> Harry thought. He was going to tell them everything. They were his real friends. They would understand. And maybe they could help him.

> <br> "I think that something bad is happening to me."

> <br> Hermione's face looked stoney. "I think so too Harry. You haven't been yourself all year."

> <br> "I know. But I don't know if it's really me anymore...I think that Harry's dying."

> <br> Talk like this startled Ron. "But how?"

> <br> "Strange things are going on inside my head. And around me too. I...I don't know how to describe it. It's like someone's controlling my mind."

> <br> "Is Sylvia-" Hermione began, but Harry cut her off with "I

know that no one's controlling me, but I think that Sylvia does have something to do with it."

> <br> "Harry," said Hermione, "You've got to tell us what \_it\_ is. We can't help you if you don't tell us anything."

> <br> So Harry began the long talk about his abnormal occurrences. The reflectionless in the glass, the sleepwalking, the blood. The constant tiredness and laziness. He ended with, "I think I'm turning into a vampire."

> <br> Hermione and Ron just sat there for a moment, not believing the odd tales Harry had just told.

> <br> Ron made the first move. "Meet us tomorrow morning in the library. We have some researching to do."

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> Harry awoke to a bright, miraculous Sunday morning. He pulled on his robes and looked in the mirror. Startled, he looked 100% better. His hair wasn't as messy as usual, his complexion was bright and glossy. He looked like a brand new person. Maybe he wasn't turning into a vampire!<br>

> When Harry arrived at the library, Hermione and Ron were already digging through books.<br>

> Harry expected them to be happy when they saw how good he looked today, but instead, Hermione cried a curious, "Oh no!" when she saw him. Ron was also looking at him with a painful expression. <br>

> "What? I thought that I looked nice today!"<br>

> Hermione bit her trembling lip. "That's the whole problem! Harry, this is terrible!"<br>

> "I don't understand. What's wrong about having a good hair day?"<br>

> "We were looking at a chapter of how to recognize vampires. I think you should take a look at this," Ron said seriously.<br>

> Slowly Harry picked up a dusty gray book that looked to be about a hundred years old. Not sure if he wanted to read this or not, he brought his eyes to the page.<br>

> <em>Vampires are easy to recognize once you know the symptoms of them. The first and easiest sign is no reflection.<br>

> "<em>You guys, I saw my reflection in the mirror today," Harry said.

> <br> "Just keep reading."

> <br> \_Another sign is the growing and sharpening of the canine teeth.

> <br> \_Harry felt his teeth. No sharpening yet.

> <br> \_Perhaps the most unusual vampiristic trait is the achieving of beauty. If bitten by a vampire, the victim will usually die, but if their biter is intending to turn them into another vampire...

> <br> \_Harry felt disgusted.

> <br> \_... they will live, but only with the cursed vampire life. The person will also start to change their appearance. Vampires are known for their ultimate beauty, it's the way they charm their victims into liking them, therefore if they are bitten, it is tricky to prove them guilty.

> <br> "\_What? Do you guys think that Sylvia choose me to be a vampire?"

> <br> "Shhhhh, Harry, keep your voice down. There are other people here ay know!" Ron whispered.

> <br> Harry lowered his voice. "Well, I guess I'm turning into a

vampire then."

> <br> Hermione shook her head. "It's the most likely thing Harry. I've been here for hours, reading about vampires, and I think you look a lot better because you drank that blood."  
> <br> Harry's heart gave an excited beat. "So if I don't drink any blood, I won't become a vampire?"  
> <br> "Well, er no," Ron said. "But, um, you'll die without it in about a week."  
> <br> "A week! We have a week to turn me back to normal?"  
> <br> "Harry, that's the problem. We can get you blood every week from the medical cabinet..."  
> <br> "And we can just do that for the rest of my life!"  
> <br> Hermione frowned. "Until you're a full vampire. Then you'll want fresh blood. You'll be uncontrollable. You'll start to kill people Harry."  
> <br> Harry felt his heart sinking. "Thanks Hermione."  
> <br> "Well I had to tell you somehow. it's for your own good."  
> <br> "Well, is there any cure for a vampire?" Ron asked eagerly.

> <br> "That's the other problem. I can't find one anywhere. There's stuff on how to kill a vampire, and how to find one, how to-"  
> <br> "Nothing on bringing one back to normal," Harry said glumly.

> <br> "I'm sure we'll find one...somewhere. I just don't know where..."  
> <br> "Maybe we should see Dumbledore."  
> <br> "Harry, we can't. You'd get expelled for sure."  
> <br> "So? At least I wouldn't be a vampire!"  
> <br> "See him if you want to Harry, but I'm not promising anything," Ron said dully.  
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> Taking his own advice, Harry knocked on Professor McGonagall's office door. She opened it with not much of a warning, and it hit Harry on the elbow. A splinter jabbed at his skin, breaking it. A few beads of blood dribbled out. The sight made him dizzy.<br>  
> "Mr. Potter?" she asked. "What do you need?"<br>  
> Harry quickly clamped his hand over the wound. "I, uh...wanted to see, um..."<br>  
> It was impossible to think. All Harry could concentrate on was blood.<br>  
> "Yes?"<br>  
> "Um...I wanted to see...uh..."<br>  
> "Mr. Potter, do you need anything or not?"<br>  
> "I wanted...um, to...to...to..."<br>  
> "Mr. Potter, enough of your foolishness. Return to your common room."<br>  
> Dazed, Harry walked back to the Gryffindor common room, unable to think.<br>  
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> Awake the next morning, and hardly ready for Herbology class in

twenty minutes, Harry mindlessly got dressed. He looked as bad as he had Saturday, if not worse. <em>The blood must ware off,<em> he thought.

> <br> He was just leaving for class when an announcment soared across all of Hogwarts. \_All students report immediatley to their common rooms!

> <br> \_Harry retraced his steps and sat down. Within a few moments, people trickled in, some confused, some looking happy for missing class. Sylivia looked rather pleased, if not more happy.

> <br> Professor McGonagall was the last to enter. "Students, we just had a terrible thing happen last night."

> <br> Harry's heart skipped a beat.

> <br> "One of our students is missing. We can't find out what happened to him."

> <br> "Who is it?" Lee Jordan asked uncertainly.

> <br> "Draco Malfoy."

> <br> As much as Harry hated Draco, he couldn't help but feel sorry for him. His first guess was that Sylivia had bitten him, and "hidden the evidence." Hadn't Harry seen her flirting with him in the Great Hall? Didn't Sylivia walk with him to class Thursday?

> <br> Harry might of been thinking crazy, but he knew that Draco didn't do one of his stupid stunts like hiding just to see how worked up the school could get.

> <br> Suddenly, a light clicked on on Harry's head. The Map! Harry could use his special map to see where Draco was, if he was still alive. A map that had once been his father's, was now his. It showed all of Hogwarts and all of the people in it.

> <br> That night, Harry slid the old map out from under his bed. He looked around for a few moments to see where the person labeled \_Draco Malfoy\_ was. Finally, he found him...in one of the secret rooms that he was sure Fred and George had discovered.

> <br> Quickly, Harry woke Ron.

> <br> "Ron, I know where Draco is!"

> <br> Ron eagerly got up. "Where?" he whispered "Did you...did you..." he dropped his voice to a very hoarse whisper "Did you kill him?"

> <br> "Of course not! I think that Sylivia's keeping him there! We have to go get him!"

> <br> "Okay, do you still have your invisibility cloak?"

> <br> "Why wouldn't I? Come on, let's go!"

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They arrived at the secret room in a quarter of an hour. (It was behind a statue.) They silently entered it, after saing three times in a row, "Zilbat, Zobay, Zeezi!"

> <br> It looked like a deserted classroom. When they first didn't see. Draco, Harry lit his wand. He slowly brang it to the floor and...

> <br> Draco Malfoy was lying on the floor, white as a ghost, blood dripping out of his neck. He was dead.

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> AN: Ewwwww. Gross. I had major inspiration today, hope you like it! :)

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## 2. Default Chapter Title

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"And you found him like that?" Professor Dumbledore said, a mere seven minutes after Harry and Ron had found Draco Malfoy, dead on the floor of a secret room.

> <br> "Yes," Harry said, talking to his feet rather than Dumbledore.

> <br> Dumbledore looked solemnly at the two boys. "He is still alive...but just. It might take many weeks for him to return to a semi-normal state."

> <br> "What'd ya mean, semi-normal?" Ron asked nervously.

> <br> "It appears that he's been bitten by a vampire, but you found him in enough time to restore his blood and remove the poison from his veins. But, as every wound leaves it's scar, Mr. Malfoy will probably be in a hospital for the rest of his life. The bites of vampires are very serious, and not many people have survived them."

> <br> For the first time in his whole life, Harry felt really sorry for Malfoy. He felt sorry for himself too. Only Sylvia could've bitten Draco; Harry felt that he could've stopped her.

> <br> Dumbledore interrupted his thoughts. "The only thing that puzzles me about Draco Malfoy is how you found him. I believe that room was shut-off many years ago?"

> <br> Ron bit his tongue. The Mauredar's Map wasn't going to be a secret anymore.

> <br> Half-heartedly, Harry handed the Map over to Dumbledore. "My father and his friends made this. It shows where everyone is in Hogwarts, and what they're doing. I thought that I could find Draco and..."

> <br> Dumbledore examined the map carefully. After a moment's pause, he spoke: "Why did you want to save Mr. Malfoy? Don't you two usually detest each other at school?"

> <br> \_The whole story would come spilling out if we don't lie.

\_Harry thought. \_I'll have to lie! It's the only way...

> <br> \_"Well, um, everyone deserves some sanity..." Harry began. "I guess I just wanted to be the hero again," he said, hoping his lie would convince a doubting Dumbledore.

> <br> "Very well, Mr. Potter. You and Mr. Weasley may leave now."

> <br> Harry knew that Dumbledore didn't believe him. He had always thought that maybe Dumbledore could see his thoughts.

> <br> Harry overheard Dumbledore telling Professor Flitwick: "We'll find the attacked soon..."

> <br> Harry was going to be caught if he didn't find a cure.

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Late at night, huddled under the invisibility cloak, Ron, Hermione, and Harry sat on the floor, desperatley trying to find a cure for vampirism.

> <br> "There's nothing in this one either!" whispered Hermione.

"Honestly, there must be a cure somewhere..."

> <br> Harry was losing hope. They'd must've been through three dozen books on vampires, and nothing. Even the restricted section was useless.

> <br> "Let's check this one," Ron said enthusiastically as possible.

"It looks like a winner."

> <br> He flipped through the book while Hermione peered at leather volume through a magnifying glass.

> <br> "Sorry Harry, this one's only about getting rid of vampires," Ron said glumly. "I bet that this next one will-"

> <br> "Ron? Did you say getting rid of vampires?" Harry asked, an idea forming in his brain.

> <br> "Harry, if you're thinking of killing yourself..."

> <br> "No, I mean we could get Sylvia! It would buy us some more time, and we need to get rid of her anyway!" Harry whispered excitedly. "How hard could it possibly be?"

> <br> "Hard," Hermione said, turning the dusty pages of the book. "I'll take a look at this tonight. I'm sure there's something we can do!"

> <br> Ron whispered, "Origiani," and all the books flew back into their original state, except the one in Hermione's hand. "Let's go back to the dormitories. We have a free hour after lunch tomorrow, let's work out something there."

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The morning hours dragged by. Harry felt worse than he did yesterday, he knew he needed more blood. He had had a vivid dream that he cut off the end of his finger and sucked the blood out of it. He awoke, sweating, clutching a non-decapitated finger.

> <br> At lunch, Harry couldn't eat anything. It was too thick, water was too thin. He wondered a few times why Sylvia hadn't attacked anyone else, how she'd survived the first part of school. She was looking very sharp today, as a result of the blood. Harry inspected her carefully, just to see if she was favoring someone.

> <br> So far she hadn't picked anyone. She was ignoring Harry completely, maybe she was mad at him. Harry didn't care. He wanted her gone, he wanted her dead.

> <br> In the library again, after lunch, Ron and Harry were waiting for Hermione. She staggered in after a few minutes of waiting.

> <br> "Hermione? Where have you been?" snapped Ron.

> <br> "I pulled an all-nighter, reading this book, thank you very much. So shut-up."

> <br> Harry decided not to bother Hermione today.

> <br> "So what did you find out?" Harry asked anxiously.

> <br> "This is going to be tricky. Not only do vampires only have few weaknesses, they have superior ways of defending themselves."

> <br> "So...what do we have to do?"

> <br> "Well, we can stab her heart with a wooden stake, that's a classic, probably the easiest, we could do it while she's asleep. Or we could get her into the sunlight and she'd just melt away."

> <br> Harry remembered the odd feeling he had when he went outside in the courtyard today.

> <br> "So what's the problem? We just have to stab her?" Ron asked, as if this was the easiest thing you could possibly do.

> <br> "Well, vampires have some sort of supernatural strength, to overcome their victims. It said in the book that a twelve year old vampire boy took out a six foot tall full grown man. So..." she dropped her voice to an even lower tone, "Sylvia could easily take one of us as her next victims."

> <br> Harry clenched his teeth. Two of them pierced his tongue. \_Shit,\_ he thought. \_Another symptom!

> <br> \_ "So that's why Harry has to kill Sylvia. She can't bite



him, and he is turning into a vampire, so his strength would be increased. Okay Harry?"

> <br> "Isn't there...anything easier?" he asked, hoping that maybe they could sneak poison into her orange juice.

> <br> "Well, no, but if you wear a cross and garlic, then she might be weaker."

> <br> "Hermione! If I'm turning into a vampire, that would just make me weaker!"

> <br> "Well...scratch that. Just go kill her."

> <br> "Geez, thanks Hermione. I'll do that."

> <br> "When is he gonna kill her?" Ron asked, excitedly.

> <br> "Tonight would be good."

> <br> Ron choked on the gum he was swallowing. "What? Can't we get an expert to do this?"

> <br> "Who'd believe us? Besides, I think that Harry could do it."

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Hoping for the best, Harry clutched a wooden stake carved out of a tree branch. He had made it just a few hours ago.

> <br> Gathering up the little courage he had, Harry slipped the invisibility cloak over his head and walked out the door. He quickly found the 6th year girls dormitories, and as silently as possible, opened the door. His eyes darted around for Sylvia, but she wasn't there. Her bed was empty. She was gone.

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"She wasn't there?" Ron asked worriedly.

> <br> "Just a bed. It was unmade, I reckon she faked going to sleep."

> <br> "Harry, if she was gone, she had to be..."

> <br> "I know. I hope that she didn't get anyone."

> <br> Ron frowned. "I should be laughing at this, but I would feel to guilty doing it. I saw Lucius Malfoy here yesterday afternoon.

Boy, was he mad. I think that they might have to close the school, if there's another attack. We'd better get moving."

> <br> Harry tried not to think selfishly, but he didn't want Hogwarts to close because he needed help...and Hogwarts was his best shot of being cured.

> <br> "The only thing I don't understand," Harry started, "is why she hasn't attacked before? Don't you think it's a bit curious?"

> <br> "Yeah. Vampires are supposed to have strange ways, Harry. Some of them are actually sensible...they live in these preserve houses, and get blood from blood banks. Bill told me that once. He said that they're usually the ones that got bitten by a true vampire."

> <br> "Maybe I could go live there," Harry said hopefully.

> <br> "I hope so Harry. I really hope that you'll be cured."

> <br> "Well, we best be off to class, we have Potions to look forward to," Ron said sarcastically.

> <br> "Yeah, if I haven't got enough things to worry about."

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Potions class was particularly dreadful today. Not only was Snape in a ridiculously terrible mood, Harry was feeling quite grouchy.

> <br> Harry had already lost three points when Snape told him that his Protection Potion was supposed to be yellow, not orange. Frankly, Harry couldn't see a difference.

> <br> And he let it out: "Who really gives a damn."

> <br> A very awkward silence followed. People were suprised that Harry had actually talked back, and the most suprised of all was Snape.

> <br> "Mr....Potter...you are seeing...Dumbledore on this!" Snape said, through clenched teeth pressed so hard together that Harry was sure they were starting to grind into powder.

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Harry walked as slowly as possible behind Professor Snape to Dumbledore's office. He would have enjoyed a visit to Dumbledore's office, but on these conditions he would rather rot in the mazes of Gringott's.

> <br> Harry sat down in one of the two chairs that were in front of Dumbledore's office. Fawkes immediatley recognized him and let out a cheerful piping.

> <br> Dumbledore didn't seem too cheerful though. "I think that there's something that you'd like to tell me, Mr. Potter."

> <br> Harry wished he could tell Dumbledore everything...the blood, Sylvia, the stake...but he couldn't. Nothing came out.

> <br> Harry left Dumbledore's office unpunished, unspoken, and completly the same as he had when he entered.

> <br> \_Why didn't you tell him, you idiot? \_Harry screamed at himself. \_You are such a sucker!

> <br> \_Harry trudged back to a happy Snape. "What's your punishment, Mr. Potter?" he asked with an evil grin.

> <br> "Nothing," Harry said, and then walked ahead of him, back to class.

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Harry personally decided that that night he wouldn't kill Sylvia. He was too tired, too confused. He knew he needed more blood. It had been a few days since he drank the bottle of blood in the hospital.

> <br> He had began to notice the vampiristic changes in himself more frequently now. When walking past the mirrors by the Great Hall, he would hurry on by as quickly as possible, in case he wasn't appearing that day. Sometimes he snuck a quick peek in the mirror, out of curiosity. If he didn't see his reflection, he would be depressed the whole day.

> <br> Harry had come to a point three days later where he used the invisibility cloak to steal another bottle of blood, and he drank it within a few seconds. His desires were getting worse and worse, and his teeth were sharpening quickly.

> <br> Instantly, the day after he drank the blood, he looked like a million bucks. He felt better too, healthier, even though he had to clasp his fingers together to stop them from shaking in class.

> <br> "So," began Hermione, as she pushed back her bangs, "she was gone tonight too?"  
> <br> "Yeah. No one's been reported missing though. But I think I know who her next victim is..."  
> <br> "Really? Who?" Ron asked anxiously.  
> <br> "I think that it's Cho Chang. I've seen them walking to class together, but it's not in a charming way. It's like Cho's actually scared of her. Maybe she sees the evil in Sylvia too."  
> <br> "Maybe she does," a cold voice said.  
> <br> Horrified, the three spun around. Sylvia was standing there, looking taller and more secure than usual. They hadn't realized how loudly they'd been talking.  
> <br> "So you've got me Potter? No one can do anything about it. You'd better just leave me alone, or something bad might happen to you." she said, her words coated in ice.  
> <br> She turned and walked away before any of them could think of anything to say.  
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"Harry, tonight. You've got to find her tonight, or else you'll be toast." Ron whispered through clenched teeth.

> <br> "Okay...I'll do it tonight...I \_wish \_we still had the map though!"

> <br> "I know you can do it Harry. Find her before she finds you."

> <br> So that was how Harry ended up sneaking through Hogwarts with a wooden stake. He had been looking for about an hour when he saw her: standing in the Great Hall, as if she was meditating.

> <br> Slowly, he snuck up behind her. The invisibility cloak blanketing him felt very thin. She turned around and looked right at him but said nothing.

> <br> Taking a deep breath, Harry grabbed her neck and swung her to the floor. The invisibility cloak had flown off, but Harry didn't care. He had her pinned down.

> <br> "Harry! What're you doing-"

> <br> She stopped talking when he held the stake right above her heart.

> <br> "Harry, no!"

> <br> But it was too late for apologies. Harry rammed the stake right into her heart. He could feel her ribs breaking as he shoved it in deeper and deeper. She screamed in pain, as blood gushed through the wound Harry had just created.

> <br> She gave one last scream and died, right there, under him. He stood up, not believing what he had just done. But...she was gone! The problem would be solved! But...how would he be cured of vampirism? He would now go to Dumbledore, but first...he had to hide the body.

> <br> Harry dragged it outside, and buried it under a bush. No one would be able to find it.

> <br>

\* \* \* \* \*

> <br>

The next day, however, Harry went through with absolutely no patience. He would have to wait until the end of Charms to see Dumbledore, but to his dismay, when he tried to see Professor

McGonagall, she said that Dumbledore was extremely busy and had no time for visitors.

> <br> So, a very disapointed Harry went to bed, and woke up to a beautiful Saturday morning. He was just about to play Ron in Wizard's chess when Professor McGonagall entered, and repeated what Harry had heard a few days earlier.

> <br> "Two more missing..." she said, but her words were blurred. Harry was about to pass out when Hermione rushed up to them.

> <br> "Harry! We've made a terrible mistake! Sylivia's not a vampire...it's..."

> <br> But her words were cut off when a tremendous amount of light flooded the room, and disrupting everything.

> <br>

> <br> A/N: Wow! I got that up quickly! I think that I know how I'll end it, but I'm not sure. Happy or sad? I'm going to start another story later, I might put this one on delay. You'll just have to wait!

### 3. Default Chapter Title

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> <strong>\*\*"...me..." Hermione finished.

> <br> "What?" Harry said. There was no one in the common room anymore, in fact, it looked a lot different than the Common Room.

> <br> This wasn't the Gryffindor Common Room.

> <br> "Me, Harry! I'm the vampire!" Hermione said.

> <br> "Hermione, shut up. Where the hell are we?" Harry said.

> <br> "Harry...I am the vampire..."

> <br> "Hermione, we have to find a way of out here..." Harry said, lookind around the fuzzy white room.

> <br> Hermione whipped out a pocket mirror and held it in front of her face. "Come see Harry..."

> <br> Cautiously, Harry approached her. He peered into the silver mirror.

> <br> His jaw dropped. Nothing. There was nothing.

> <br> "Surprised?" Hermione said, smiling. Her teeth weren't perfect anymore. They were sharp and pointed...like...like...like Harry's.

> <br> "How did you..."

> <br> "Harry, Harry, Harry. I can't believe you didn't see it before."

> <br> "No! It had to be Sylivia! It had to!" Harry cried.

> <br> "Sylivia," Hermione said in a perculair fashion, "Was the good guy. She was twenty-two. Used an aging potion to make herself younger. Went undercover for the Department of Mysteries at the Ministry. Fooled everyone."

> <br> Harry felt sick. He dropped to hid knees. "But you can't possibly...what about Draco..."

> <br> "I killed him. I killed Cho."

> <br> "No!"

> <br> "Oh yes Harry. They both saw me...were suspicious...Sylivia came on to something and tried to protect them both...walking with them to class...asking them about me...She came on assignment you know. They sensed a vampire at Hogwarts and sent to her to keep watch. Not even Dumbledore could tell the difference."

> <br> "But why...did you help me...who bit me?" Harry said, confused and sicker than before.

> <br> "Oh Harry! I've liked you since first year. Before the change..."

> <br> "The bad change!" Harry yelled.

> <br> "No Harry...why do you think I was so keen on you not telling Dumbledore? On not finding a cure?"

> <br> "It doesn't fit..."

> <br> "Yes it does. Draco and Cho both witnessed me drinking blood. I tracked both down and killed them before..."

> <br> "Before you were gonna kill me, bitch!"

> <br> "Harry, I don't want to kill you...the reason I bit you was because I needed a husband...you see, I got bit over the summer and adapted to it. It's not so bad Harry!"

> <br> "No!"

> <br> "Yes. We can go to Transylvania and live happily ever after!"

> <br> "Hermione! What happened to you..."

> <br> Harry got up and put his hands on Hermione's face. Her skin was not warm, but ice cold. The old Hermione was gone.

> <br> "Then why didn't Sylvia-"

> <br> "Veela. Her grandmother was a half veela. She has slight powers."

> <br> "I killed her..."

> <br> "On your way to evilness..."

> <br> "I will never be evil..."

> <br> "No Harry. Come with me. No one will ever know..."

> <br> "Yes they will Hermione! So many questions are unanswered...I'd kill myself before joining you..."

> <br> "Then do it."

> <br> "What?"

> <br> She tossed a wooden stake at him. "Go ahead. Be with me or die."

> <br> "Hermione..."

> <br> "Harry." She left no room for argument.

> <br> Harry Potter looked at the stake in his hands. This could end him or give him life. He could be powerful if he didn't kill himself, but who cared? He'd die anyway.

> <br> "I've made up my mind, Hermione," he said quietly.

> <br> "Yes..." She smiled wickedly.

> <br> Harry dove at her. He plunged the splintered stake into her heart, sending a shower of blood over himself. This time...it was different than Sylvia...there was a strange sound coming from Hermione.

> <br> He yanked out the stake. Her heart was on the end of it. It was screaming. Screaming with pain. Slowly, he pulled off the muscle and stood up.

> <br> There was no cure for vampirism. The world could live without Harry Potter.

> <br> He looked back at Hermione. Her teeth were normal, and she looked...human...again. He leaned down. The vampire-ness was gone. He kissed her cheek, warm again, but it would soon fade into coldness.

> <br> Harry knew it then: he would be cured if he killed himself. His soul would be freed. With all the courage of a full grown wizard, he plunged that stake straight down into his chest.

> <br> He gasped. He was dying, but would still be a vampire...he tried to pull out the stake but his strength was weakening...

> <br> Harry fell to the ground, dead. He would be a vampire forever.

> <br> Harry Potter had stabbed the wrong side of his chest.

> <br>

> <p><p>\*\*

\*\*THE END, FINALLY

> <br> A/N: Wow...depressing huh. I hope you got it. Thanks for putting up with me while I had writers block! I'm working on something now, hopefully my block is over!

> <br> \*\*

End  
file.